

SONG BOOK

FEDERATION

OF

WESTERN OUTDOOR CLUBS



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FOREWORD

At the annual meeting of the delegates of the Federation of Western Outdoor Clubs in September, 1934 it was decided that a song book should be compiled which would be suitable for use by all the member clubs. To the Mazamas was delegated the work of selection and editing, and this committee was appointed by the Mazamas for that purpose.

The committee has collected the songs used by the different member clubs and has tried to include the best of them in this book. Obviously many of them contain references to the names of the club using them, or to specific localities which would make them inappropriate for use by others. The committee has taken liberties with some of these, and by slight changes has endeavored to render them sufficiently general in nature to be appropriate for any mountaineering club. In some instances blanks have been left in lines so that each club using the songs can make its own adaptations suitable to its name or locality.

It would be difficult if not impossible to compile a selection of this kind which would be equally pleasing and acceptable to all. We all have our favorites. Some will be disappointed not to see theirs included, and will regret the space given others.

The committee has merely used its best judgment in selection, in the hope that in general the choice will prove as acceptable as possible under the circumstances.

In its more frivolous selections the committee has tried to distinguish between whimsical and vapid nonsense. Also it has felt that the subject of food has been overemphasized in campfire entertainment. Consequently practically all reference to that important but somewhat hackneyed subject has been omitted.

There are many old songs which are so well known that it was not deemed necessary to include the words. These have been listed under "Suggestions" in the last part of the book.

Acknowledgment is made to several clubs who are not members, for verses which have been included from their collections.

The Song Book Committee

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WE'RE HERE FOR FUN
(Tune: Auld Lang Syno)

We're here for fun right from the start
Pray drop your dignity
Just laugh and sing with all your heart,
And show your loyalty.

May other outings be forgot,
Let this one be the best.
Join in the songs we sing tonight,
Be happy with the rest.

COME, CUDDLE 'ROUND OUR CAMPFIRE
(Tune: Ach du Lieber Augustine)

Come, cuddle 'round our campfire
Our campfire, our campfire;
Come cuddle 'round our campfire
And join in our song;
Melody, harmony,
Comedy, tragedy,
Come, cuddle 'round our campfire
And join in our song.

Mazamas

O CLIMB TO THE MOUNTAINS

Words by Edmond S. Meany,
late President of the Mountaineers
Music by Edgar E. Coursen,
late President of the Mazamas

O, climb to the mountains, ye sons of the west
Climb, climb, climb to the hills.
Rejoice at the labor, oh, sing with a zest
Climb, climb up to the hills.
Greet river and boulder as part of the play
Arise with the cliffs to caress the new day,
And shout in the dawning, ye-hoh, yea-hoh!
Ye-hoh! Ye-a-hoh! Al-le-ahoh! Ye-hoh!

O, climb to the mountains, ye sons of the west
Climb, climb, climb to the hills.
Oh, joyfully climb to the star-sprinkled crest.
Climb, climb up to the hills.
When pinnacles beckon with uplifted flags
Uncovered, salute ye, the old friendly crags;
And shout back their welcome, ye-hoh!
Ye-hoh! Ye-a-hoh! Al-le-ahoh! Ye-hoh!

WE ARE GATHERED BY OUR FIRE TONIGHT

Mazamas' Opening Song

(Tune: We are Gathering with the Lord Today)

We are gathered by our fire tonight;
We are gathered in the old-fashioned way.
We have all come together as in outings
long ago,
And are meeting just to talk and sing and play.
Won't you come? Won't you come?
Won't you join us while the logs are burning
bright?
You will find some happy people who are glad
to have you here,
As we gather by our fire tonight.

SING-A-LING-A-LING
(Tune: The Bells of Hell)

Oh, let your voice ring tina-a-ling-a-ling
We have the gang all here;
Let's see how we can sing-a-ling-a-ling
It gives us all good cheer.
Oh make the welkin ring-a-ling-a-ling
For those we hold most dear,
And help our voices bring-a-ling-a-ling
Our comrades far and near.

Oh Mr. _____ we sing-a-ling-a-ling
With all our hearts to you.
We hope there'll be something-a-ling-a-ling
That we can do for you.
In autumn, winter, spring-a-ling-a-ling
And all the whole year through
We'll ring-a-ling-a-ling and ting-a-ling-a-ling
And sing-a-ling-a-ling for you.
Olympians

LET US BUILD OUR CAMPFIRE
(Tune: Let Me Call You Sweetheart)

Let us build our campfire up among the hills,
Where a stream is trickling over rocks and rills
Help us gather fire wood as the evening chills,
Let us build a campfire up among the hills.

When the flames are crackling. bright with
red and gold,
Let us gather 'round them for the night
air's cold,
Let's forget our troubles singing songs of old,
In a frindly circle 'round the flames of gold.

And when we're tired and weary, to our beds
we'll creep,
Beds of spicy fir boughs in a fragrant heap
Listening to the night sounds in the
forest deep,
An owl is softly hooting as we fall asleep.

Klahane Club

WHEN DAY IS DONE

(Tune: Love's Old Sweet Song)

When day is done and stars are gleaming bright
We 'neath the trees beside our campfire bright
Weary, are resting, happy and content.
Grateful hearts have we for a day well spent,
High in the hills so close to friendly trees,
List'ning to secrets that they whisper in
the breeze.

Come and join our circle
'Round the firelight glow,
While the fragrant woodsmoke
Curls and rises slow,
Comrades here together
Talking o'er our fun,
Singing in the firelight
When day is done.

Klahane Club

ROAMING O'ER THE MOUNTAINS
(Tune: Roamin' in the Gloaming)

Roaming o'er the mountains
In the sunshine and the rain;
Roaming through the valleys,
Through the woods and o'er the plain.
When the skies are dull and gray,
What's the difference - we feel gay;
Oh! it's jolly roaming o'er the mountains.

YAWNING IN THE MORNING
(Tune: Roamin' in the Gloaming)

Yawning in the morning when the rising
time has come,
Yawning in the morning when the day
has just begun,
When we are up and dressed and we think
we look our best
It's awful to be yawning in the morning.

Yawning in the morning when the Big Ben
sounds its roar
We've only had ten hours of sleep,
And we could do with more,
Now we wish we'd gone to bed
when the sun was setting red,
So we wouldn't all be yawning in the
morning.

WHEN WE HAVE TURNED OUR EAR FROM FOREST CALL
(Tune: Love's old Sweet Song)

When we have turned our ear from forest call,
When on the mountains the distant curtains fall
When we are weary with thought of coming strife.
When we are facing dull routine called life,
We will not falter 'tho the way seems drear,
We will take courage in a memory dear.
We will think at twilight of the campfire low
Where the smouldering flashes gently dart and glow
We will sing of comrades, valley, peak and glen
And the friendly moonbeams will shine again
Will shine clear again.

When the sands of life have almost ceased to flow
When in our hearts we know that soon we'll go
To that strange realm beyond the farthest star,
Where deeds are counted at a Judgment Bar,
We will not falter, 'tho the way seem drear,
We will take courage from a memory dear.
We will think of campfires of the long ago,
Of the song of comrades in the flash and glow.
Then our hearts will waken to the hope that afar
Another moon so friendly will light the bar
Will shine above the bar.

Mountaineers

MOUNTAIN VOICES
(Tune: Old Black Joe)

Far, far away, their snowy peaks I see,
Far, far away, their voices call to me,
And in my soul the echoes surge and roll,
I hear the mountain voices calling
softly to me

Chorus:

I'm coming, I'm coming, and my heart is
light and free,
I hear the mountain voices calling
softly to me.

Nearer I come to where the snowfields gleam,
Higher I climb, my mate the singing stream;
And as I rise close to the azure skies,
My heart leaps high at voices calling,
softly to me.

Now over crags, still up I press and on,
Still step by step, where many dangers yawn;
Where glistening slopes, like shining
blessed hopes,
Invite and lure, their voices calling,
softly to me.

On till at last I stand on topmost tip!
Then shall my song burst out from
joyful lip;
Then, kin with cloud, my soul with
rapture bowed,
I hush my heart to hear God calling,
softly to me.

Mountaineers

THE HIKER'S TRAIL
(Tune: Lech Lomond)

By blue mountain lakes and by cool water falls,
The trail leads on for the hiker;
O'er slopes of open pine woods,
Thru deep cool forest shade,
The trail leads us on to the mountains.

Chorus

Oh, sunshine or storm time, we'll choose
the open trail,
The trail that was made by a hiker,
It lures us to the hill-top,
It leads us o'er the plain,
And on to the top of the mountain.

Thru blue fields of lupine, by paint brush
so red,
The trail leads on for the hiker;
By aspens and nine-bark, thru
Golden willow brake,
The trail leads us on to the mountains.

Past harebells that tinkle in crisp mountain
air,
The trail leads on for the hiker;
By snow fields and green slopes,
And banks of heather bloom,
The trail leads us on to the mountains.

HOME ON THE RANGE

O give me a home where the buffalo roam,
Where the deer and the antelope play;
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Chorus:

Home, home on the range,
Where the deer and the antelope play,
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

The air is so pure and the zephyrs so free,
And the breezes so balmy and light.
I would not exchange my home on the range
For all of the cities so bright.

How often at night when the heavens are
bright,
With the light from the glittering stars,
Have I stood here amazed and asked as
I gazed,
If their glory exceeds that of ours.

MOUNTAIN TRAIL
(Tune: Gypsy Trail)

Oh, hear the call to the open air
As the wind goes singing over;
Like the tossing wave to the sailor lad
Is the trail to the mountain lover.
There is adventure waiting there,
And friendship staunch and true;
The road lies free to the mountain trail,
And comrade, it calls to you.

Out of the noise and dust of the town,
Out of its frenzy today,
Nature calls to the out-of-doors,
Comrade, come away.
Back to the road, again, again,
Where worry and envy cease;
Where healing is borne on the mountain
breeze,
And the hills and the sky bring peace.

Follow the trail in the summer days
That leads to the mountain glade,
Where lunch is spread by a sparkling stream,
In the cool of a fir tree's shade.
Follow the trail through the drifted snow,
Where the great white silence broods;
Where the snow-capped pines spread sheltering arms
In the heart of the winter woods.

So come then to the open road,
Dark be the skies or clear;
A song rings out on the mountain trail
'Tis the voice of a Mountaineer -
And the path leads on to the misty line
Where the sky and mountain meet
Till we come to the end of the mountain
trail
And the world is all at our feet.

Spokane Mountaineers.

FOLLOW THE TRAIL
(Tune: Swing Song)

Follow the trail to the open air
Alone with the hills and sky,
A pack on your back but never a care
Letting the days slip by.

Healing fragrance of pine in the dark,
Glow of a camper's fire.
Starlight and shadow and music of waves
While the gray smoke curls higher.

Follow the trail to the open air,
Letting the days slip by.
A smile on your lips and a song in
your heart,
One with the hills and sky.

Spokane Mountaineers

WAY UP YONDER IN THE SNOW FIELDS
(Tunc: Way Down Yonder in the Corn Field)

Some folks say they are Mountaineers
Way up yonder in the snow fields.
And they frisk all around with calks in
 their heels
Way up yonder in the snow fields.

Chorus: Beautiful snow slopes
 Dear, shining, blessed sun
 Call to the Mountaineers
 Each and every one

Some folks say to stand on your feet
Way up yonder in the snow fields.
But when I tried it I took a seat
Way up yonder in the snow fields.

Some folks say to sit when you slide
Way up yonder in the snow fields.
But that's the worst I ever tried
Way up yonder in the snow fields.

So I got astride of my alpen stock
Way up yonder in the snow fields
And I pinwheelled around like the hands
 of a clock
Way up yonder in the snow fields.

It sure is fun however it goes
Way up yonder in the snow fields.
You slide on your feet or you slide on
 your nose
Way up yonder in the snow fields.

Mountaineers

THE MOUNTAIN OF LIFE

(Tune: Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes)

When of the cares of life you are weary
 And clouds seem to hide the light,
 Close all the doors on strife and toil
 And go to the mountain's height.
 Gaze on its might and majesty -
 The summit is your goal!
 There you will find repose and rest
 And peace will fill your soul.

Life is to us a mountain peak
 With pinnales to attain;
 Set your feet firm in the path ahead
 And climb with your might and main.
 And when you reach the lofty peak
 And see the shining sun,
 Take then your well-deserved rest,
 Rejoice that your task is done!

Mazamas

'ROUND OUR CAMPFIRE

(Tune: Tramp, Tramp, Tramp)

'Round our campfire there we sat,
 Ev'ry night we'd gather round
 On the shores of Lake _____ far away,
 The mosquitos gathered too,
 All around our heads they flew
 And they settled down among us there to stay.

Scratch, scratch, scratch, they'd keep us busy,
 Scratch, scratch, scratch the whole night long,
 Not a wink of sleep we'd get
 Some of us were scratching yet.
 When at rosy dawn we'd hear the breakfast gong.

WHERE THE MORNING GLORIES GROW

I want to wake up in the morning
Where the morning glories grow,
When the sun coomes peepin' in
To where I'm sleepin',
And the song birds say "Hello".
I want to wander in the wildwood
Where the rippling waters flow,
And go drifting back to childhood
Where the morning glories grow.

MAZAMA VERSION

I want to wander in the mountains
Where the mountain breezes blow,
'Mid the rocks and the heather
In the fine summer weather,
With my cares and griefs below;
And though I come back to the city
From the fields of ice and snow,
My heart will still be up there
Where the mountain breezes blow.

SPOKANE MOUNTAINEERS VERSION

I want to wake up in the mountains,
Where the mountain breezes blow;
Smell the flap-jacks a-frying,
And the sox a-drying,
'Round the campfire's ruddy glow.
I want to scramble up the rock-slide,
Where the fuzzy marmots go,
And to coast down from the top-side,
On the drifts of summer snow.

I want to wake up in the morning
 Where the avalanche lilies blow;
 Where the sun comes a-peeping
 Into where I'm sleeping
 And the marmots say hello.
 I want to climb up to the skyline,
 Where the winds play with the snow,
 And look down on mountain meadows,
 Where the avalanche lilies blow.

CLIMBING

(Tune: Sailing, Sailing)

Climbing, climbing, over the rock and snow
 With axe and pole and resolute soul
 To snow-clad peaks we go.
 Sliding, striding, just keep the rope
 held tight,
 Our work is done, our peak is won,
 We'll sleep in camp tonight.

SLEEPING

(Tune: Sailing, Sailing)

Sleeping, sleeping, isn't it simply grand?
 You lay your head on a balsam bed,
 And sleep to beat the band.
 Waking, waking, doesn't it make you ache?
 You're out of the door at the hour of four
 You eat before you wake.

Above two songs from
 Alpine Club of Canada

MOUNTAIN CLIMBERS

(Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic)

We are climbing up the mountain
 At the early flush of day,
 We can see the sun a-shining
 As he breaks the clouds away,
 We have left our weekly worries
 And today we're out for play
 As we go hiking on.

Chorus:

Climbing, climbing, ever upward,
 Tramping, tramping, ever onward,
 Hiking, hiking, gaily hiking,
 As we go hiking on.

We can see the mountain glistening
 With the mist crown 'round his head,
 As we wind along the beauteous trails
 Where light-foot deer have sped,
 And we'll keep on gaily tramping
 Till the western sky is red
 As we go hiking on.

Not alone in strengthened muscles
 Do we know our effort pays,
 In the happy hearts we carry
 There's a blessing surely stays
 And good friendships we are making
 That will last us all our days,
 As we go hiking on.

Sierra Club

WE AIN'T A-GOIN' TO
(Tune: It Ain't A-Goin' to Rain No More)

Oh, we ain't gonto hike no more, no more
We won't hike one mile more,
For nine may mean
There are fourteen
Oh, we ain't a-goin' to hike no more.

Oh, we ain't gonto eat no more, no more,
We won't eat one bean more,
For we're full to the neck
And we feel like a wreck
Oh, we ain't a-goin' to eat no more.

Oh, we ain't gonto sleep no more, no more,
We won't sleep one wink more,
For there's bumps in the bed
And the skeeters ain't fed,
Oh, we ain't a-goin' to sleep no more.

Oh, we ain't gonto climb no more, no more,
We won't climb one rock more
For our feet are bruised
And we feel abused,
Oh, we ain't a-goin' to climb no more.

Oh, we ain't gonto slide no more, no more,
We won't take one slide more,
For there's holes in our seat
And we can't keep our feet
Oh, we ain't a-goin' to slide no more.

Oh, we ain't gonto swim no more, no more,
We won't swim one stroke more,
For we've barked our knees
And we're 'bout to freeze,
Oh, we ain't a-goin' to swim no more

Oh, we ain't gonto sing no more, no more,
 We won't sing one note more;
 For we're out of breath,
 And we're tired to death,
 Oh we ain't a-goin' to sing no more.

WHEN YOU ARE CLIMBING A MOUNTAIN
 (Tune: Marching Through Georgia)

Rising up at one A. M.
 Is just considered fun,
 Hiking up a lower ridge
 To meet the rising sun.
 And when you think you're almost there
 The work has just begun
 When you are climbing a mountain.

Chorus:

Hi yak! hi yak! the wind blows merrily
 Hi yak! hi yak! that's not the top
 you see.

You may zig zag right and left
 But upward it must be
 When you are climbing a mountain.

Grab your good old alpenstock
 We'll scale the upper slope.
 Now it's scramble up the rock
 So tie 'em to the rope
 Use your axe and hands and hobs
 And never give up hope
 When you are climbing a mountain.

Cascadians.

HAUL! HAUL! HAUL!
 (Tune: Tramp, Tramp, Tramp)

When I climb upon the rocks,
 I may suffer horrid shocks,
 As up gully, crag or chimney
 I am led;
 Here I scramble and I tussle,
 Tho I haven't any muscle,
 And I'm sadly inefficient in
 the head!

Chorus:

Haul! haul! haul! my feet are
 slipping,
 And my handholds all are
 loose and wet;
 You must hold me very tight.
 For my balance isn't right;
 I've eternity below me,
 don't forget.

Even in my bed asleep
 As about the rocks I creep,
 With my nightclothes fairly
 Whirling in the gale!
 With the rope around my neck
 And my nerves a perfect wreck,
 And loose boulders falling down
 On me like hail!

Alpine Club of Canada

HIKE AWAY
(Tune: Dixie)

We roll out of bed before the dawn
Because that's our idea of fun,
Hike away, hike away,
Hike away to the top.

Chorus:

Away up to the summit. away, away,
And as we hike with calks and pikes
We grit our teeth and say,
Hike away, hike away,
Hike away up to the summit.

And when we come to the timber line
As the sun comes up the view is fine
Climb away, climb away,
Climb away to the top.

Just as we nearly lose our hope
We pull ourselves up by a rope,
Pull away, pull away,
Pull away to the top.

At last we stand on the summit dome
So many weary miles from home
Look away, look away,
Look away, we're on top!

Cascadians

O, YE CLIMBERS
(Tune: Clomentine)

In the morning. O ye climbers
Though the dawn be cold and grey,
You must leave your beds of balsam
And with ice-axe pick your way.

You must climb above the timber,
Cross the fields of ice and snow
Ere the avalanche be on you
Or crevasses wider grow.

Though the shale be slipping,
slipping,
Though the rocks are flying fast.
Though your brow with sweat be
dripping,
You will reach your goal at last.

Up the chimney, round the cornice
Then a traverse on the ridge,
Hold the rope taut! Here's a chasm.
One by one you'll have to bridge.

Grip with knee, with toe and finger
There's the peak with cairn in
sight,
When you've scaled it you may linger
With a mountaineer's delight.

Alpine Club of Canada

BRING BACK MY BEAUTY
(Tune: Bring Back My Bonny to Me)

My complexion lies up in the mountains,
Ten thousand feet up from the sea,
My complexion lies up in the mountains,
Oh! bring back my beauty to me.

Chorus:

Bring back, bring back,
Oh! bring back my beauty to me, to me.
Bring back, bring back,
Oh! bring back my beauty to me.

I covered my face up with grease-paint
I wore a big green cotton veil
I put on some bright yellow goggles,
But naught did my efforts avail.

I fear my own mother won't know me,
My face is all swollen and black.
Oh! won't some kind doctor please show me
How to make my lost beauty come back.

Alpine Club of Canada

(Tune: Auld Lang Syne)

I sing the mighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise;
That spread the flowing seas abroad
And built the lofty skies.
I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command
And all the stars obey.

Nature - a temple worthy thee -
That beams with light and love;
Whose flowers so sweetly bloom below
Whose stars rejoice above;
Whose altars are the mountain cliffs
That rise along the shore;
Whose anthems, the sublime accord
Of storm and ocean roar.

Her song of gratitude is sung
By spring's awakening hours;
Her summer offers at thy shrine
Its earliest, loveliest flowers;
Her autumn brings its ripened fruits
In glorious luxury given;
While winter's silver heights reflect
Thy brightness back to heaven.

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain.
America! America! God shed his
grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness.
America! America! God mend thine
every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self control,
Thy liberty in law.

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years,
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears.
America! America! God shed his
grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea.

IN THE BIG ROCK CANDY MOUNTAINS

In the big Rock Candy Mountains,
There's a land that's fair and bright
Where the handouts grow on bushes
And you sleep out ev'ry night
Where the box cars all are empty
Where the sun shines ev'ry day
On the birds and the bees
And the cigarette trees
And the lemonade springs
Where the blue bird sings,
In the big Rock Candy Mountains.

In the big Rock Candy Mountains,
All the cops have wooden legs,
The bull dogs all have rubber teeth
And the hens lay soft boiled eggs,
The farmer's trees are full of fruit
And the barns are full of hay
Oh, I'm bound to go,
Where there ain't no snow
Where they hung the Turk
That invented work
In the big Rock Candy Mountains.

In the big Rock Candy Mountains,
You never change your socks
And the little streams of alcohol
Come trickling down the rocks,
Where the brakemen have to tip their hats
And the railroad bulls are blind,
There's the lake of stew,
And a sky of blue,
You can paddle all around
In a big canoe
In the big Rock Candy Mountains.

I WISH I WAS A LITTLE ROCK

I wish I was a little rock
 A-sitting on the hill,
 A-doing nothing all day long
 Except to sit there still.
 I wouldn't sleep, I wouldn't eat,
 I wouldn't even wash;
 I'd just sit there a thousand years
 And rest myself, by gosh!

I wish I was a robin's egg
 Away up in a tree,
 A-sitting in my little nest,
 As bad as bad can be!
 I wish a little boy would come
 And look at me with glee,
 And then I'd bust my little self
 And cover him with me!

I'VE GOT GRIME ON MY FINGERS
 (Tune: I've Got Rings on my Fingers)

Oh! I've got grime on my fingers,
 And tape on my toes,
 Snow banks to sleep upon,
 "Skeeters" on my nose.
 Oh! come to the mountains,
 Join the _____ Club
 Get sunburn, snowburn, blisters,
 Hard tack and canned grub!

Sierra Club

THE MAN ON THE SLIPPERY SKIIS
(Tune: The Man on the Flying Trapeze)

Tho' it's that time of year, don't view
 with alarm,
This tale of a miss who possesses great charm;
This story I tell can bring you no harm
 Unless you are skillful on skiis.
Now this girl was in love with a skier,
And she very hard tried him to please,
Her daring, good looking and masculine man,
 An expert on his long skis

Chorus:

He slides o'er the snow with the greatest
 of ease,
The daring young man on the slippery skiis,
He telemarks, stems and how he christies;
 And that is the man that she loves.

Each week to the Lodge she would go with
 great glee,
With great expectations her skier to see;
But she was filled with despair for it was
 always that she
 Would find that he'd gone away.
He'd packed up his rucksack and slipped in
 the night
In search of some more skiing thrills,
Her skier so bold, o'er the snow white and
 cold;
 To Martin across the high hills.

The maid was distressed, but the fact still
 remained
 That without her dear skier, she couldn't
 happy remain
 So she bought her some skis and she started
 to train
 So she could be going with him.
 And the next time the skier prepared for the
 trip,
 With all the rest of his bunch
 He put in his rucksack, though heavy it be,
 For the maiden an extra trail lunch.

With felicious intent, the maid would assist
 Her womanly wiles with a sly little kiss
 And now they are joined in sweet wedded bliss,
 For such is the way of all love.
 Now together they went out most every week;
 Taking the steepest hills straight;
 For only the man who skis by her side
 Can make her heart palpitate.

Sometime after that I had reason to go
 Up where the skiers disport in the snow,
 And I was surprised to see the girl that I knew
 Without her beloved one in view.
 She was skiing far better than anyone else;
 She seemed to have magical skis.
 The reason was clear, for since she has wed
 She can practise whenever she please.

She slides o'er the snow with the greatest
 of ease
 You'd think her a man on the slippery skis,
 While hubby stays home and rocks the babies,
 And that's what's become of her love.

I LIKE MOUNTAIN MUSIC

I like mountain music
Good old mountain music
Played by a real hill billy band
Give me rural rhythm,
Let me sway right with 'em;
I think their melodies are grand.
I've heard Hawaiians play
From the land of the wicky-wacky;
But I must say, that they can't beat
the "Turkey in the straw" by cracky!
I like mountain music
Good old mountain music
Played by a real hill-billy band.

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine,
Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I'll not ask for wine;
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sip
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much hon'ring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be;
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear
Not of itself but thee.

SUSANNAH

Oh, I came from Alabama with my banjo
on my knee,
On my way to Louisiana, my true love
for to see
Oh it rained all night the day I left -
the weather it was dry,
The sun so hot I froze to death -
Susannah don't you cry.

Chorus

Oh, Susannah, don't you cry for me,
For I'm goin' to Louisiana, with
my banjo on my knee
Oh, I had a dream the other night when
everything was still,
I thought I saw Susannah a-coming
down the hill
The buckwheat cake was in her mouth
the tear was in her eye,
Says I, "I'm coming from the South,
Susannah. don't you cry."
I soon will be in New Orleans, and
then I'll look around,
And when I find Susannah, I'll fall
upon the ground.
But if I do not find her, dis darkey'll
surely die
And when I'm dead and buried, Susannah,
don't you cry.

O, DEM GOLDEN SLIPPERS

O, my golden slippers am laid away,
Kase I don't expect to wear 'em till my
wedding day,
And my long tail coat dat I loved so well
I will wear up in de chariot in de morn.
An' my long white robe dat I bought las' June,
I'm gwine to get changed kase it fits too soon.
An' de old gray horse that I use to drive
I will hitch up to de chariot in de morn.

Chorus:

O, dem golden slippers; O, dem golden
slippers,
Golden slippers I'm gwine to wear bekase
dey look so neat.
O, dem golden slippers; O, dem golden
slippers.
Golden slippers I'se gwine to wear to
walk de golden street.

So it's goodbye chillun, I will have to go
Whar de rain don't fall or de wind don't blow
An' your ulster coat, why you will not need
When you ride up in de chariot in de morn.
But your golden slippers must be nice and clean
An' your age must be just sweet sixteen,
An' yer white kid gloves yer will need to wear
When you ride up in de chariot in de morn.

FLOW GENTLY SWEET AFTON

Flow gently, sweet Afton, amang thy
 green braes:
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in
 thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not
 her dream.
Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds from
 the hill,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon
 thorny dell,
Thou green-crested lapwing thy screaming
 forbear,
I charge you, disturb not my slumbering
 fair.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely
 it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides!
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As, gath'ring sweet flow'rets, she stems
 thy clear wave!
Flow gently, sweet Afton, amang thy
 green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of
 my lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not
 her dream.

CLEMENTINE

In a cabin, in a canyon
Excavating for a mine;
Dwelt a miner, forty-niner
And his daughter Clementine.

Chorus:

Oh, my darling, oh, my darling
Oh, my darling Clementine!
You are lost and gone forever,
Dreadful sorry Clementine.

Light she was, and like a fairy
And her shoes were number nine,
Herring boxes without topses
Sandals were for Clementine.

She drove her ducklets to the river
Ev'ry morning just at nine;
Stubbed her toe against a sliver,
Fell into the foaming brine.

Ruby lips above the water,
Blowing bubbles soft and fine;
Alas for me! I was no swimmer,
So I lost my Clementine

Then the miner, forty-niner,
Soon began to peak and pine,
Thought he "oughter jine" his daughter;
Now he's with his Clementine.

In the churchyard, in the canyon,
Where the myrtle buds entwine,
Grow some rosies, pretty posies,
Fertilized by Clementine.

How I missed her, how I missed her!
How I missed my Clementine!
Till I kissed her little sister
And forgot my Clementine.

The twilight shadows deepen into night, dear;
The city lights are gleaming o'er the snow;
I sit alone beside the cheery fire, dear,
I'm dreaming dreams from out the long ago.
I fancy it is springtime in the mountains -
The flowers with their colors are aflame
And every day I hear you softly saying,
"I'll wait until the springtime comes again!"

Chorus:

When it's springtime in the Rockies,
I am coming back to you,
Little sweetheart of the mountains,
With your bonnie eyes of blue.
Once again I'll say "I love you,"
While the birds sing all the day;
When it's springtime in the Rockies,
In the Rockies, far away.

CALL OF THE GREAT OUT-OF-DOORS
(Tune: Maine Stein Song)

Rise upon your weary feet,
Hike down the trail once more -
Stand and make a brave retreat,
No matter if your legs are sore.

Then hike to all your favored haunts,
Climb to the highest peak
Hike with painful nonchalance,
Go 'til your knee joints creak.

To the hills
To the dales
To the places that beckon and comfort you;
With the youth
With the fire
With the life that is moving and calling
you.
With the gods
With the fates
With the lure and call of the great
out-of-doors;
With a will
March on un-
Til the object of your hike is reached.

So up and down the shaded trail,
Walk with a hearty swing;
Stand and take your place, do not fail,
Let every loyal hiker sing.
Then on to all the happy hours,
On to the careless days
On to health through Nature's bowers
With the memories that will last always.

Spokane Mountaineers

THE LAST ROUND-UP

I'm headin' for the Last Round-Up
 Gonna saddle old Paint for the last time
 and ride

So long, old pal, it's time your tears
 were dried

I'm headin' for the Last Round-Up
 Git along, little *do-gie, git along, git
 along git along, little dogie
 git along

Git along, little dogie, git along, git
 along, git along.
 little dogie git along

I'm headin' for the Last Round-Up
 To the far away ranch of the Boss in the sky
 Where the strays are counted and branded,
 there go I

I'm headin' for the Last Round-Up.

I'm headin' for the Last Round-Up
 Ther'll be Buffalo Bill with his long
 snow white hair

Ther'll be old Kit Carson and Custer
 waitin' there

A-ridin' in the Last Round-Up
 Git along, little dogie, git along, etc.

I'm headin' for the Last Round-Up
 Gonna saddle old Paint for the last time
 and ride

So long, old pal, it's time your tears
 were dried,

I'm headin' for the last Round-Up.

*"dogie" "Pronounced dough-gie)

ROUNDS

(Tune: Row, Row, Row Your Boat)

Drag, drag. drag your feet
Up the mountain side;
Merrily. merrily, merrily, merrily
Down the slope we glide.

Mountaineers.

Climb, climb, climb up high
Every single day;
Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily,
That's the climber's way.

Mazamas.

FOLLOW ME

Follow, follow, follow, follow
Follow, follow, follow me.

Whither should I follow, follow thee?
Whither should I follow, follow thee?

To the mountain, to the mountain,
To the mountain follow me.

DAY IS DYING IN THE WEST

Day is dying in the west;
 Heaven is touching earth with rest;
 Wait and worship while the night
 Sets her evening lamps alight
 Thru all the sky.

Chorus:

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts!
 Heaven and earth are full of Thee,
 Heaven and earth are praising Thee
 O Lord most high!

When forever from our sight
 Pass the stars, the day, the night,
 Lord of angels, on our eyes
 Let eternal morning rise.
 And shadows end.

ABIDE WITH ME

Abide with me! Fast falls the even-tide
 The darkness deepens - Lord, with me abide!
 When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
 Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
 Change and decay in all around I see;
 Oh Thou, Who changest not, abide with me!

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
 Shine thru the gloom, and point me to the skies;
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain
 shadows flee;
 In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

Lead, kindly Light! amid th' encircling gloom
 Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
 Lead Thou me on;
Keep Thou my feet, I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou
 Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
 Lead Thou me on;
I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years.

So long Thy pow'r has bless'd me, sure it still
 Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

JESUS LOVER OF MY SOUL

Jesus Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is nigh;
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cleanse from every sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart.
Rise to all eternity.

MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE

My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Savior divine!
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine

May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me.
O may my love for Thee
Pure, warm and changeless be,
A living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread.
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day
Wipe sorrow's tears away
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Savior, then in love
Fear and distress remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

NATURE HYMN

God who touchest earth with beauty
 Make me lovely too;
With Thy spirit recreate me,
 Make my heart anew.

Like Thy springs and running waters,
 Make me crystal pure;
Like the rocks of towering grandeur
 Make me strong and sure.

Like Thy dancing waves in sunlight,
 Make me glad and free;
Like the straightness of the
 pine tree
Let me upright be.

God who touchest earth with beauty
 Make me lovely too;
Keep me ever by Thy spirit
 Pure and strong and true.

BRAHMS' LULLABY

Hush-a-by and good night;
In the sky stars are bright
While roses in bloom
Fill with fragrance the room.
With the morn, if God will
You will waken again;
With the morn if God will
You will waken again.

Hush-a-by, have no fear;
Little angels are near.
Their watch they will keep
While my baby's asleep.
Dream the dark night away
Till God's sun brings the day;
Dream the dark night away
Till God's sun brings the day.

GOOD NIGHT COMRADE

(Tune: Good Night Sweetheart)

Good night, comrade, now our fire is dying
Good night, comrade, night winds now are sighing
Hope our fireside has brightened your way
Made life more gay for the now day,
So we'll say good night, comrade,
Go out in the starlight,
Good night, comrade, as you leave our firelight
May its embers make a pleasant mem'ry
Good night, comrade, good night.

Klahane Club

PERFECT DAY

When we come to the end of a perfect day
And meet by the open fire,
Then our thoughts go back to the winding way,
That was ever climbing higher.
To the cliffs of rock and the slopes of snow,
And the fields of rippling flowers,
Then, whatever the world may bring, we know
One perfect day is ours.

Well, this is the end of a perfect day,
The winds of the night rise chill,
The light of the camp fire dies away,
And the voice of the camp grows still,
But ere we turn to our several ways,
We breathe from our hearts a prayer,
Life grant us many, many a day,
So perfect, bright, and fair.

Washington Alpine Club

AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days of auld lang syne?

For auld lang syne, my dear
For auld lang syne;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty frien',
And gie's a hand o' thine;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

OUR CAMP IS OVER
(Tune: There's a Tavern in the Town)

Our camp is over, to the town, to the town,
We must away and settle down, settle down,
And bid farewell to mountains and to sea
And life out of doors so gay and free.

Chorus:

Fare thee well for I must leave thee
Do not let this parting grieve thee
But remember that the best of friends must part
Adieu, adieu kind friends adieu
I can no longer stay with you
I'll hang my harp on a weeping willow tree
And may the world go well with thee.

We've roamed mid flowers and bonnie heather
We've tramped o'er glaciers roped together
And now where e'er our future trail may guide
May joyful memories abide.

And if the snow turned soft or crusty
We gained the peaks with shouts so lusty
That echoing notes will long our memories fill
To cheer our way o'er plain and hill.

We'll ne'er forget our happy climbs
The camp fires where we sang our rhymes
May the days speed well till they bring that
 jolly day
When we meet for another holiday.

B. C. Mountaineers

GOOD NIGHT
(Tune: The Soldier's Farewell)

The stars above are peeping,
The hour has come for sleeping
From Earth, our tender Mother
New stores of strength to gather;
Come, seek thy couch of spruce and pine;
Good-night, good-night, sweet sleep be thine.

On lonely peaks, snow-crested,
The sun's last rays have rested,
And now he seeks his pillow
Beneath the western billow;
Come seek thy couch of spruce and pine
Good-night, good-night, sweet sleep be thine.

Hark to Night's voices calling,
In murmurs soft enthralling;
The West Wind, lowly sighing,
The rippling stream replying;
Come, seek thy couch of spruce and pine,
Good-night, good-night, sweet sleep be thine.

Darkness is o'er us creeping,
The Camp will soon be sleeping,
In Dreamland's wondrous weaving
New fairie heights achieving;
Come, seek thy couch of spruce and pine,
Good-night, good-night, sweet sleep be thine.

Alpine Club of Canada

ALPEN GLOW
(Tune: Evaline)
Slowly

Oh! Alpen glow on glist'ning snow
Herald of the dying sun,
Lighting up the lofty mountain peak
As the day is done;
Slowly, one by one, the twinkling stars
appear
And the ghostly mists of night draw near;
Daylight folds its wings and goes to rest
'Neath the rugged mountain's crest.

Mazamas

BEAUTEOUS NIGHT
(Tune: Silent Night)

Beauteous night, radiant night
Stars that gleam, murm'ring stream
Cleanse from tho't of self my soul
Far removed the worldly goal,
Mountains watch will keep
O'er my peaceful sleep.

Mazamas

TAPS

Fading light dims the sight
And a star gems the sky, gleaming bright;
From afar, drawing nigh,
Falls the night.

Day is done, gone the sun
From the lake, from the hill, from the sky;
All is well, safely rest
God is nigh.

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT

While the embers bright are gleaming;
All through the night;
While the weary camp is sleeping
All through the night.
Through the trees the moonlight stealing,
Beauties of the night revealing
High above the stars are keeping
Watch through the night.

Fondly then we dream of mountains,
All through the night,
Waking hear the rush of fountains,
All through the night.
So when day's hard toil is over
Will the Mountain Spirit hover
Over every Alpine rover,
All through the night.

Alpine Club of Canada

SUPPLEMENTARY LIST

The following songs are listed as additional suggestions:

Aloha
Anchors Aweigh
Annie Laurie
Battle Hymn of the Republic
Believe Me, If All Those
 Endearing Young Charms
Bubbles
Carry Me Back to Old Virginny
Darling Nelly Gray
Down by the Old Mill Stream
Dummy Dummy Line
In the Gloaming
Jingle Bells
Juanita
Just Like a Gypsy
Let Me Call you Sweetheart
Let the Rest of the World Go By
Loch Lomond
Love's Old Sweet Song
Memories
Moonlight Bay
My Wild Irish Rose
Oh, In the Moonlight
Old MacDonald
Peggy O'Neill
Perfect Day
Polly-Wolly-Doodle
Prairie Flower
Put on Your Old Gray Bonnet
Reuben, Reuben

Row, Row, Row
School Days
Scotland's Burning
Show Me the Way to Go Home
Sidewalks of New York
Smiles
Spanish Cavalier
Stars of the Summer Night
Sweet Adeline
Sweet and Low
Three Blind Mice
Till We Meet Again
When Irish Eyes Are Smiling
When You and I Were Young Maggie

